

To Mr. CIBBER.

Dear Colley.

THE Design of this Address, is only to
 T exprels my Gratitude for a late signal
 Favour obtain'd at your Hands, and it
 has been no small concern to me that
 I have not had an opportunity of do-
 ing it sooner.

I likewise congratulate you upon the *Royal-
 Bounty* you have experienc'd for your inimitable
 Dedication, — the Honour you receiv'd was so
 great, that were it not recorded while it is fresh in
 Memory, Posterity would hardly give into the Be-
 lief, that a Person of your Stamp shou'd be so much
 as admitted into the Presence, much less allow'd,
 to *Kiss the Hand* of his SOVEREIGN.

The Character of *Peter Pyrate* in Capt. *Brevall's*
 Play, † is so justly your due, that I dare say no one
 will dispute your Title to that Denomination, who
 is ever so little acquainted with your Writings.

I shall no longer expatiate upon your Talents in
 this Place, having done you strict Justice in ano-
 ther, * and will always approve my self (what you
 never were to any Man living) sincerely,

Yours,

E. CURLE.

A

† *The Play is the Plot. A Comedy.*

* *In the Lives of the English Dramatick Poets.*

PROLOGUE

To the *Non-Juror*.

Written by N. ROWE, *Esq* ;

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO Night, ye *Whigs* and *Tories* both be safe,
Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh
We mean to fouse old *Satan* and the *Pope* ;
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.
A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage
With just Materials for Satyrick Rage :
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The stiff Non-Juring Separation Saint.
Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil
To those who give the Nation to the Devil ;
Who at our surest, best Foundation strike,
And hate our Monarch and our Church alike ;

Our

PROLOGUE to the *Non-Juror*.

E Our Church,---which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.

Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky:
While theirs --- But Satire silently disdains

To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.

Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,
And fears the Justice's inquiring Clerk.

In close back Rooms his routed Flock he rallies,
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.

There safe, he lets his thund'ring Censures fly,
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,
And Excommunicates Three-Stories high. }

Why, since a Land of Liberty they hate,
Still will they linger in this Free born State?

Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful, Objects rise,
Peace, and Prosperity afflict their Eyes:

With Anguish, Prince, and People they survey,
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.

PROLOGUE to the *Non-Juror*.

Ship off, ye Slaves, and seek some Passive Land,
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command,
To your *Transalpine* Master's Rule resort,
And fill an empty abdicated Court :
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at *Urbino*.

PROLOGUE,

Upon the Revival of *TARTUFFE*, at the
Theatre in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

Written By Mr. JOSEPH GAY.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

TO Night, we wish to please, and yet be safe,
Hope to get Money, and to make you laugh.
We mean to fouse FANATICKS, (burn the POPE,)
That may be done without offence we hope ;

Their

PROLOGUE to *Tartuffe*.

Their *Tools* of old supply'd the Comic Stage,
And may do still with just Satyric Rage
For sure *They* are not *mended* in our Age.
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint
The *stiff*, *Reforming*, *Separation-Saint*,
No *Toleration* sure, should make us civil,
To *Hypocritic Factors* for the Devil.
Who at the *Basis* of ALLEGIANCE strike,
And hate all CHURCHES and all KINGS alike.
Our CHURCH, which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,
No Muse shou'd e'er presume to mention here;
Long may She all the *Factionous Crew* defy,
And lift her *Mitred Head* unenvy'd to the Sky.
While *Theirs* — but *Satire* prudently disdains,
To name the Whimsies of *Schismatic Brains*.
The Raving *Pastor* now contemns the Dark,
Nor fears the *Justice* or inquiring Clerk;
In *licens'd Rooms*, his *cheated Flock* he rallies,
(Not as of old on Bulks, in Lanes, and Allies.)

There

PROLOGUE to *Tartuffe*.

There safe they let *Extemp're Nonsense* fly,
There give the Gospel, and the Laws the Lye,
Damn us, and then, — PREDESTINATION Cry. }

Why since a Land of *Unity* they hate,
Still claim they New-Indulgence from the State ;
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful Objects rise,
Mitres, and *Bishopricks* afflict their Eyes,
With Anguish, *Church*, and *Church-men* they survey,
Despise her *Altars*, and reject her Sway.
Ship off—ye Saints, —and seek some *righteous Land*,
Where *Pastors* after your *own-Hearts* command ;
Like Criminals adjudg'd to leave the Nation,
Go, take the Benefit of TRANSPORTATION :
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhino,
And Preach abroad by *Jure non Divino*.

The

The Original

EPILOGUE to TARTUFFE.

Written by the Earl of *Dorset*.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit,
Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite ;

Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,

And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play ;

But *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,

Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.

To laugh at *English* Knaves is dang'rous then,

While *English* Fools will think 'em honest Men :

But sure no zealous Brother can deny us

Free leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an *Atheist*,

There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and
(*Papist*,

That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,

That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r ;

That use (*enjoy the Creature* to express

Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness ;

And,

EPILOGUE to *Tartuffe*.

And, in a decent Way, perform them too
As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you:
Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
We Godly phrase it Gospel-Propagation,
Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
Zeal stands but Centry at the Gate of Sin,
Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in.
Silent, and in the Dark, for fear of Spies,
We march, and take Damnation by surprize.
There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
Can go so far tow'rd's Hell for Half-a-Crown,
As I for Six-pence, for I know the Way;
For want of Guides, Men are too apt to stray:
Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,
Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's grave and wise,
Take a *Tartuffe*, of known Ability,
To teach and to increase his Family;
Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,
First get his Son, then give him Education.

